UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

European Notes—III

By John Haynes Holmes

It's War—That's All! - - *Sydney Strong*

Notes on a Trip to the Orient - - - - - - - - *Dorothy Walton Binder*

Tribute to Jane Addams - - *Zona Gale*

A Word About Hero Worship - *Robert Whitaker*

Chicago Opponents of Militarism To Make Active Campaign - *Edwin H. Wilson*

VOLUME CXV NUMBER 11

Chicago, August 5, 1935

PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS

UNITY

Established 1878
(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

Published Semi-Monthly Until Further Notice — *Subscription $3.00 Single Copies 15 cents*

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
"Entered as Second-Class Matter May 24, 1935, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

A Reunion of Former German Prisoners of War Who Were Interned in Great Britain

(From Our Special Correspondent)

During the Great War many thousands of Austrians, Hungarians and Germans were interned in the Civilian Prisoners of War camps in Great Britain. There were some 30,000 Germans and this year a few of them conceived the idea of holding some meetings. So for the first time after fifteen years a large number of these men met in the old Hanseatic town of Lemgo near Hanover. These men had suffered together for two, three or four years in the camps, but now they were back in the homeland and were happy to recall the past. It was remarkable that they seemed to remember the best side of the camp life, the splendid spirit of comradeship, and the kindness and helpfulness of the British officers. As I had been a friendly visitor in several large camps as representative of the Quaker Emergency Committee of London, it was a great joy to be present and to receive such a hearty welcome. Only two Englishmen were there yet these men wished to express their undying gratitude to all those British men and women who during the wave of hate which war causes, were ready to carry on the ideals of brotherhood, justice and kindness. The men appreciated the social work of the Quakers in the camps in the form of occupations, music, gardening, books, hand-work, etc. One man told me that the reason so many of the men during the years of barbed wire confinement were able to keep sane in mind and healthy in body was due to the Quakers and other friendly agencies.

These men without exception were all longing for peace and for international goodwill. They all hated war and determined to do all they could to prevent another such calamity that could kill millions of lives, cripple and ruin millions and also cause men to suffer as they had done for years in a Prisoner of War Camp separated from their families and their occupations.

It is hoped to make the reunion an annual event and surely such gatherings will tend to bring the nations

(Continued on Page 231)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXV MONDAY, AUGUST 5, 1935 No. 11

STAINS

The three ghosts on the lonesome road
Spake each to one another,
"Whence came that stain about your mouth
No lifted hand can cover?"
"From eating of forbidden fruit,
"Brother, my brother."

The three ghosts on the sunless road
Spake each to one another,
"Whence came that red burn on your foot
No dust or ash may cover?"
"I stamped a neighbor's hearth-flame out,
"Brother, my brother."

The three ghosts on the windless road
Spake each to one another,
"Whence came that blood upon your hand
No other hand may cover?"
"From breaking of a woman's heart,
"Brother, my brother."

"Yet on the earth clean men we walked,
Glutton and Thief and Lover;
White flesh and fair it hid our stains
That no man might discover.
Naked the soul goes up to God,
"Brother, my brother."

—*Theodosia Garrison.*

President Roosevelt has without question reached the crisis of his administration. Forces brewing but pent up by the circumstances of the time were all at once released, as in an explosion, by the decision of the Supreme Court against the NRA, and the first initial consequences have been seen in the revolt of Congress against further New Deal legislation. When history studies this extraordinary age and uncovers much of what is now hidden, it will be discovered that there was contradiction and therefore conflict involved in the administration's policies from the beginning. On the one hand, in the desperation of March, 1933, and after, there was a demand upon the part of the people—indeed, a necessity at the very heart of the situation—that the government act with decision, courage, and authority. Mr. Roosevelt's response to this challenge of the hour, altogether apart from the wisdom or unwisdom of any particular measure adopted, marks one of the most stirring events of modern times, and awakened a reaction which made the President popular beyond all precedent. At the same time, however, and quite unconsciously in the beginning, there was inevitable opposition to what the administration was doing. Such drastic policies as Mr. Roosevelt put into effect inevitably intruded upon and interfered with the lives of individuals everywhere. But Americans do not like to be intruded upon and interfered with. Regulation, regimentation, even reform, don't go down with a people descended from generations of pioneer adventurers. It makes no difference whether it is the capitalist or the laborer, the farmer or the wage-earner, the scholar or the athlete, he wants to live his own life in his own way and thus obey no orders but his own. Just to the extent that the President succeeded at all in what he was doing, the people grew restive, irritated, even hostile. Mounting discontent found expression at last in the Supreme Court decision—and the crisis has come! What may happen to Mr. Roosevelt is an interesting personal and political question. Infinitely more important is the problem of how an ordered society may be established in a nation still individualistic to the core.

The League of Nations Labor Office at Geneva has reported that employment in principal nations has not improved during the past year. World unemployment still totals something like 20,000,000 souls. It is well to remember this fact when pondering the sober fact that unemployment in this country is greater by several hundred thousand today than it was a year ago. In justice to President Roosevelt and his administration it is to be always kept in mind that he is grappling not with a national but with a world problem. He has been unjust to himself in not keeping this fact to the fore, instead of creating the impression that we could throw off the weight of the depression while it still bore down upon the rest of mankind. What the Labor Office figures show is that the depression still enwraps the world like a fog at sea; also, that, in so far as the fog has lifted at all, and industry moved upward toward pre-depression levels (as it has in some places), unemployment remains untouched, since labor is not needed now to produce an output which machinery can easily handle. All nations are caught in this two-fold dilemma. How

foolish to judge any country by itself—Italy and Germany, for example, which are in sore financial straits, but at bottom essentially involved not in local difficulties but in what affects us all! By the same token, how foolish to try to cure our economic ills by any strictly nationalistic policies, or to hold out the hope anywhere that it can be done! In this vast disaster, which began with the World War in 1914, there is the single phenomenon of a world going to pieces in the collapse of a political and economic system which can no longer be made to work. If there is ever to be any recovery in terms not of a return to the old order but of an advance into the new, it must come through common effort by all nations as parts of one great whole. Universal stabilization of currency, world-wide free trade, a pooling of all natural resources, cooperative production, distribution and exchange, disarmament, peace—these are some of the things that must be speedily achieved. When will the task begin, and what statesman will make himself immortal by taking the initial step?

It is evident now, as UNITY has insisted that it was evident from the beginning, that Mussolini is determined to go through with this Abyssinian business. His charges against the Ethiopian state are of course ridiculous, but the traditions of imperialism dictate that a freebooting expedition of this kind shall be properly garbed in moral principles, and so the Italian bandit chief has to make out a case for the action he is proposing and preparing to take. That he can accomplish his purpose is altogether certain. The cost in men and money will be enormous, no doubt about that, but men are cheap, and money can always be taxed out of the people, or borrowed from alien speculators, or manufactured on government printing presses. But the outcome of this adventure, certain or uncertain, is not the important issue at stake. What really is vital in this matter is the question as to whether Mussolini is going to be allowed to get away with this kind of open thievery in the modern world. The Italian dictator contends that he is only doing what other imperialists have done before him, from Sulla and Caesar down. This is true enough! But are we still living in the age of Sulla and Caesar, or even of Britain in South Africa or France in Morocco? Has no change come over mankind, here in the West, since the organization of the League of Nations and the World Court of International Justice? This is now what we are going to find out. If Italy can destroy Abyssinia, a coordinate member of the League of Nations with itself, then Geneva need not struggle any longer for recognition and authority. The end will have come. Abyssinia, added to Manchuria, will constitute a final indignity and humiliation which the League cannot hope to survive. It is this which makes this Italian affair the one most important crisis in the world at this moment. It is menacing beyond the menace of anything that can just now be seen in Germany.

The importance of the June naval agreement between England and Germany may easily be exaggerated. In bringing Britain and the third Reich more closely together, it has at the same time drawn Britain on the one hand and France and Italy on the other more widely apart, and thus balances good with bad. But at bottom we believe this accord to be one more bit of evidence that war is not now imminent in Europe. A month's visit on the continent, more particularly in Germany, has convinced us, to our own surprise, that we are over-anxious here in America as regards the immediate contingency of "the next war." Of course, with armies and munitions all about, something may happen at any moment to start a conflagration and bring an explosion. This is the reason why preparedness, as a policy of government is so dangerous! But, barring accidents, we see no prospect of war in Europe either this year or next year, or the year after. The fact is, the peoples of the continent do not want war. They remember the horrors of the last war far too vividly to desire or even consent to another. We are convinced that not until the generation which lived through 1914-1918 has itself disappeared, is another European conflict likely. Also, there is the fact that the governments are afraid of war in the sense that they know full well that the chances are overwhelmingly in favor of their losing everything and gaining nothing. We do not believe, therefore, that Hitler's government, or any other, is going to force a war. The trouble is, of course, that all the European nations are following policies which are mutually inconsistent in the long run in terms of peace, and at the same time arming in a way and to a degree that would seem to insure that again, as in 1914, they will be dragged into a war in spite of themselves. This is the situation which still tends to make an ultimate conflict inevitable. But meanwhile, *there is time*—more time than we dared to suppose before we visited Europe in June last—and so long as there is time, we insist there may be hope.

The church fight in Germany, waxing ever more bitter and intense, is being fought on a double front. The Protestants, or Evangelicals, are resisting the government with every weapon within their control. The pastors are organized into a federation for joint thought and action. The churches have united in a synod which is acting as the common voice of them all. In anticipation of the dissolution of these bodies by governmental fiat, the clergy are establishing a secret courier service, and the congregations are drawing together into Bible classes and prayer groups. Ministers, denied the right to enter their pulpits, have preached in the open

air. Ordered to keep to their houses, they have seen their people gather in the streets, and have thus been able to address them from open windows. Arrested and sent to concentration camps, these undaunted men have refused to conform or to promise obedience, and thus through sheer stubbornness have won release. Proclamations, pronunciamentoes, manifestoes have marked the progress of a struggle which has involved resistance to government as daring and well nigh as costly as in the old Reformation days. On the other hand are the Roman Catholics, who are conducting a different kind of battle. They are quite as much in opposition to the Nazi regime as their Protestant brethren. They are suffering just as much. But they are refusing as a body to force the fight by any acts of positive aggression. With few demonstrations or defiances, bishops and priests are steadfastly carrying on their work, doing what they have always done in pulpit and confessional, and deliberately ignoring the state. Their whole attitude is that of patience and of biding one's time. Why be excited, these Romanists seem to say. We have been through all this before. Persecution will pass, as it always passes, and the Church still remain to do its work. For the Church deals with eternities, whereas these governments, Hitler's or any other, are but as moments which come and are straightway gone. There is something magnificent in this lordly attitude of Rome, as there is something equally magnificent in the heroic attitude of the Protestants. Perhaps we need both methods—the one to carry on the fight without ceasing, and the other to win it in the end.

It has been said that men will conquer war when they learn to laugh at it. Once make it ridiculous, and it will disappear! That there is much truth in this point of view is rather impressively demonstrated by what has been happening to Walt Disney, the world-famous creator of Mickey Mouse and the Silly Symphonies. Last month, in Paris, this distinguished figure in the moving picture field was received by a great gathering of diplomats, writers, actors, and journalists assembled to do him honor by the *"Comité International pour la Diffusion Artistique et Littéraire par le Cinématographe."* On this occasion Mr. Disney received the gold medal awarded him by the League of Nations for the creation of cinema material most helpful to international understanding. The *"Comité"* has proposed that Mickey Mouse be used as the emblem to be placed on an international flag for children, and this suggestion is to be formally voted upon at the sessions of the League of Nations in September. It seems to be universally agreed that, far more than any much more serious person, Walt Disney has furthered the cause of international goodwill by teaching the world to laugh together in mutual merriment whenever Mickey Mouse appears upon the screen. We believe this to be true—and therefore believe it to be equally true that laughter may effectively extend its range to include war as well as peace. For if the latter may be furthered by directing laughter to the common enjoyment of the innocences of peace, why may not the former be discouraged by directing laughter to the common ridicule of the futility and horror of war? We urge Walt Disney to give this matter his best attention. A year or so ago, when the depression was still impenetrably dark upon us, this ingenious and resourceful man taught us all to laugh at "the big, bad wolf," and thus to be afraid no more of calamity which was not so much resisted as made fun of. Now let him teach us, in some such simple way, to laugh at the soldier and his gun and his silly tramp, tramp, tramp, and behold, we shall all be so overcome with hilarity that we can fight no more. Yes, the jester may yet succeed where statesmen fail!

The death of Col. Alfred Dreyfus awakens memories. What memories!—memories running all the way from the sublime of Emile Zola and his heroic intervention on Dreyfus's behalf to save his life and restore his honor, to the ridiculous of Peter Finley Dunne and his inimitable "Mr. Dooley" comments on the famous trial. There was villainy also in the drama, inwrought with such forgotten names as the once notorious Esterhazy and Paty du Clam. As one recalls these thoughts the panorama of centuries of history seems to roll back, back, to the far days before the War, when the Dreyfus Case held the attention of the world as one of the few outstanding *cause celebré* of all ages. What a story it was—the details inscribed as indelibly upon the tablets of time as the records even of Caesar or Napoleon! That Dreyfus was absolutely innocent has long since been established, thanks to Zola, Clemenceau, and the great French advocate, Maitre Labori. But the frame-up of treason involved the French army, anti-Semitism, the international rivalry of France and Germany, and all the terrible tangle of French politics, and was so shrewdly as well as wickedly done, that the verdict of "guilty" and the sentence of banishment to Devil's Island, seemed to be as final as the crack of doom. Then came the story of Zola and his immortal appeal, "J'Accuse." What this brought upon the great novelist in the way of popular hatred, loss of property, reputation, almost life, and at last exile, combine with his own immeasurable courage and determination to make one of the most sublime hero-sagas of history. His sacrifice, happily, was not in vain, but brought at last that second trial which, however unsatisfactory in its immediate outcome, led at last to the rehabilitation of the accused and his restoration to family, country, and honor. Dreyfus's own spirit of utter patience and high forgiveness is not the least noble part of this heroic tragedy. We wish that his ashes might lie with those of Zola in the Pantheon.

European Notes

III

My host in Heilbronn—German correspondent of UNITY, Herr Theodor Hahn—wrote me that he would be glad to see me over the week-end, but said that he and his wife had arranged to join a group of their fellow-townsmen on a Sunday 'bus ride into the Odenwald, and hoped that I would like to go along. If so, they would gladly add me to the party; if not, they would themselves remain at home and entertain me in their quiet garden or in the country 'round about the town. It did not take me long to decide this question. I at once accepted the invitation for the 'bus ride, and on Saturday afternoon made my way to Heilbronn am Neckar from Frankfort am Main, and at supper discussed with my friends the plans for the day ahead.

It was half past five on Sunday morning when the fraulein's tap on my bedroom door reminded me that it was time to get up for an early start. The sun was already bright and warm above the horizon, and mounting steadily into a cloudless sky. The air was still fresh and cool from the night, and stirred by breezes which promised a day as comfortable as it was beautiful. As a matter of fact, this Sunday proved to be a miracle—one of those "perfect days," of which James Russell Lowell wrote with such rapture in his lyrical apostrophe to June. All day the sun shone without consuming heat; the sky spread its vast expanse of dazzling blue, over which at intervals passed great galleons of cloud; the winds blew caressingly from fields sweet with new-mown hay, and from woods fragrant with spicy balm; and at night the myriad stars blazed from heavens still as fair in darkness as in the light. How wonderful to go forth upon an adventure of this kind, and fear no rain, nor suffer from any heat!

At six o'clock we were eating a hurried breakfast, and gathering a little picnic bundle for refreshment in mid-morning, for dinner was many hours as well as many miles away. At six-thirty we were at the 'bus station, where ninety-two burghers of Heilbronn were gathered in time for the start in three capacious 'busses. It was a typical group of German townsmen—men and women but no children, as all the young people were off by themselves on hikes which are now a regular part of the discipline and joy of German youth. The head of our company—captain of the expedition—was a veritable Hans Sachs, a genial, jovial, jubilant specimen of a man, with sparkling eyes, a radiant smile, and a tremendous beard which offered more than ample compensation for a bald head. Herr Grimm was a true Hans Sachs not only in spirit but in trade, for he was a shoemaker, and, while not a singer, was a poet of considerable local fame. Others in the group included representatives of all the activities and occupations of a contemporary German city. They were humble folk, most of them—shop-keepers, tradesmen, artisans—but there was a manufacturer of great repute, also an architect, a lawyer, and an automobile dealer. What was particularly impressive, at least to an American, was the fact that all these people were Heilbronners by birth as well as by residence. A few exceptions, of course—but the overwhelming majority had been born in Heilbronn, as their fathers and grandfathers had been born before them. They reached back, many of them, in family history, beyond the Napoleonic wars, even in cases to the Thirty Years War. Germans, indeed Europeans generally, do not gad about, shifting their homes, like the tramp sparrows of America, with every changing season. On the contrary, they "stay put." Son follows father in trade or profession. Succeeding generations live in houses which echo with the memories of centuries. These people were not so much friends and neighbors, though they were all that, as they were members of one big family. These were the children all of Heilbronn!

The 'busses started promptly, moving across the river, with the old Götz von Berlichingen tower to the right, then through the streets of the city, and out into the open country to the north. Soon we were speeding through little villages never seen by tourists, with streets so narrow that the 'bus seemed almost to brush the mouldering houses, with their mossy stone walls, their low-hanging eaves and tiled roofs. The inhabitants of these villages were already up, and dressed in native costume for the day. The men were leaning in their doorways, or smoking morning pipes on settles before the inn or upon the market place. The women were frequently on their way to early mass at the church, or, later, were coming home again. Children were playing about, and excited to see us pass. These villages, here in south Germany, are most of them Catholic, and all such were gayly bedecked for Corpus Christi Day. The flags and banners were the familiar Nazi emblems, the bright red brilliant in the morning sun—the national Swastika thus doing curious duty for an age-old religious festival.

Between the villages came the great stretches of open country, rolling here instead of flat, as in the north. Broad farm lands mounted to thick green woods, and these in turn to the craggy hilltops of this Neckar region. In the early hours the river was on our left, as we were following the course of its quiet flow through the countryside. The stream was wild in places, as when we passed a region populated only by great herons, standing motionless in the water to catch their morning meal, or spreading their huge wings high in the air above us. In other places there

were very modern power stations and factories, for this river, like other rivers in our western world, is being "developed." But nothing could disturb the typical atmosphere of village and farm, nor dull the tang of history which was renewed at every turn in the road. This was the Götz country—which means that, like the Rhine region, it was the country of feudalism, medievalism, knights and robber barons, princes and kings, priests and prelates, and all the undying romance of an age alike of blood and song. Castles were everywhere—stark ruins crowning the hilltops above the clambering woods, or lordly dwellings, still occupied and thus in some liveable state of repair, looking down proudly from the heights above the villages. The great castle to which Götz was banished, when the barons of his day had had their fill of him, was a superb monument upon the landscape. Here the fierce champion of peasant rights ended his turbulent days unreconciled to a world he would not accept and could not change. Goethe made him worthily a hero.

At nine-thirty, after three hours of riding through this remote and lovely country, we came to Erbach, where we were to stop for a time to inspect the local baronial palace, still occupied by the contemporary descendent of a medieval family, a man shorn of power, but of great dignity in his township none the less. Some of us chose not to visit the palace halls, with their arms and antlers, but to stay outside in the lovely sunshine and watch the life about us. We were amply rewarded. It was church time, and the bells were ringing from the great tower of the ancient church, in this case a Protestant edifice. Promptly at ten, as the townsfolk were making their way to the old familiar portals, there appeared the baron, walking sedately with his mother. He was dressed in a black frock-coat and tall silk hat, with gloves and cane. As he crossed the square between his palace and the church, all bowed to him, the lounging men-folk before the tavern as well as the women-folk on their way to service. The baron lifted his hat at each salutation, and thus ceremoniously made his way to the church, where he climbed into the great box, in the front of the gallery just opposite the pulpit, reserved for his especial use. The minister, a young handsome man, clad in clerical black, came striding across the square with his parishioners, very late it seemed to me, until I was reminded that, in Protestant Germany, the bells ring until the pastor arrives, and the service begins with an unannounced hymn sung by the congregation. Meanwhile, there had come into the town several 'bus loads of visitors from Weisbaden, proudly placarded as a singing *verein* from that city. Precisely an hour later, as the church bells rang the close of the religious service, the men from Weisbaden gathered in a great chorus by the bridge (formerly the drawbridge over the castle moat!) and burst into glorious song. Chorals and folk melodies filled the air, as all the people paused and listened to the strains. And they told me that all over Germany on that day, and at that hour, the singing *vereins* were assembling in the public squares of city and town and caroling the songs of this ancient and devoted people! As these *vereins* are as common in Germany as baseball teams in America, the air was sweet that day in that fair land.

A little after eleven o'clock we were on our way again, this time to forget old castles and churches for a moment, and take a look at the third Reich. For on the outskirts of Erbach was a great new playground built by the Nazi government for the people. We reached it after a short drive—a great arena, or stadium, with running track and field equipment, and at one end a beautiful open swimming pool, or rather two pools, one for expert swimmers, and another for children and learners. The young people were already swarming about the place—husky boys and charming girls, modestly clad, fresh and powerful from out-of-doors activities, healthy, innocent, with not a trace of artificiality—splendid youngsters, every one! It was an inspiring spectacle, startlingly matched by another and very different spectacle just across the road—a Jewish burial ground, with row on row of crowded graves, each with a headstone elaborately inscribed in Hebrew! The cemetery looked very old, as the stadium looked very new. What was it doing in this remote region, and what history was behind it? I had no time to investigate, and no opportunity to make inquiries. Like a passing flash upon a movie screen, the old burial ground smote me—and was gone!

We now launched into the open country again, for the long drive to Lindenfels, where we were to take dinner and the afternoon rest. There were fewer villages and farms here—more wild regions of hill and forest. There seemed to be less romance, also—the landscape again and again reminded me of Maine! At last we plunged into thick woods and began to climb. This was the heart of the Odenwald, with Lindenfels as a kind of crown or summit of all the country 'round about. The little town is known in Germany as an "air resort," and has many hotels and pensions and restaurants for guests. We saw it on ahead as our big automobile pulled up the long slopes of the hill, and in due course were in its pretty streets, ready to eat and drink after more than six hours upon the road. It was a generous feast spread before us at the long tables reserved for our coming, and plenteous beer and wine washed down the ample viands. Then we were free till tea-time, some to bask in the sun on piazzas and terraces, others to sleep away the quiet hours, still others to stroll about the little town. We chose to stroll, my hosts and myself, and straightway found ourselves climbing a steep path to the hilltop where the last remains of an old castle were almost buried in ivy, trees, and tangled shrubs. For miles in every

direction the country lay spread before us far below. What a place was this for a watch tower! How easily the warder could catch the approach of the enemy's horse, or perhaps the progress of some merchant train which the robber-baron of this remote fastness might be glad to plunder. The master of such a hold must have been lord of all he surveyed. Yet time had got him—and here was his splendor gone, and all his power in the dust. If we could only get a perspective on our deeds, how foolish indeed would seem to be the quest of might and money!

At five o'clock we were off again, this time to swing further to the west and return through Heidelberg. Here in this old town we were to have the great experience of the trip—the illumination of the famous castle on the hill in celebration of St. John's night, "the fires of St. John"! We reached Heidelberg about half-past six, and made our way to the castle, there to wile away the hours till the late darkness of the summer solstice. Of all the ruined castles of Germany, Heidelberg is the most extensive, the most beautiful, and the most excitedly historic. Here are majestic rooms and halls where princes have entertained their kings and lived their own high lordly days. Here are ramparts marked with the scars of many a deadly fight, and walls tumbled to earth in vast explosions of flame and fury. This in its day was more of a town than a fortress. Behind this moat lived a community which was self-sustaining. What wonder that the moat swung wide and far to include not only the castle and the outhouses, but gardens, hay fields and woods as well! And now this moat was dry and grown with trees, the walls and windows open to the storm, and the far galleries empty of all but memories. But it must have been magnificent in its day. Only Kenilworth in England outmatches it, and this latter was more a palace of pleasure than a fortress for the defence of a whole countryside.

We wandered silent upon the ramparts and along the woodsy paths. We found the corner where Goethe had loved to sit and survey the town below. It was a beautiful sight—the long river now glittering in the setting sun, the old bridges across the stream, the ancient town clinging as though by its finger tips to the narrow ribbon of land between the river and the hills, the churches lifting their venerable towers into the fading light, and the University clad with the dignity of age-old fame. We lingered until the sun at last had sunk behind the far range of the Palatinate hills. Then came to first shadow of darkness, the first chill of evening, and we hurried down to find our place for the illumination.

We had ample time, for the night was slow in coming. But it was interesting to watch the people—thousands of them crossing the bridge and swarming upon the river's bank beyond. All the town must be emptying itself, and all the villages for many miles about! Steadily the crowds increased, and waited in perfect quiet for the hour of darkness. Goebbels was in Heidelberg, we were told—that boat was his there in midstream! Now and again there was merry laughter, or the complaint of a tired child. Some singing broke out just below us—male voices in the four-part harmony of some old song. But mostly it was still as the darkness fell and the walls of the old castle dimmed from sight. At last they were gone—or so it seemed! Then one by one the lights went out within the town, and suddenly all the lights upon the bridge. Now it was black, and so still that all the multitudes of people seemed swallowed in the night, and lost, and gone. We waited. Was nothing ever to happen? Had something gone wrong?

All at once there came the bells of the churches tolling ten o'clock. With the last stroke dying on the air, a pistol shot was heard, and all at once, as by the waving of a magician's wand, the castle sprang into flame. *Flame* is the word—not light as from the beams of electric beacons, but flame burning inside as well as outside the walls from a hundred hidden cauldrons. Red and lurid in the surrounding dark, it seemed as though some fierce conflagration were consuming the ancient walls and destroying them on one last pyre of eternal splendor. Five minutes—and then another pistol shot! This time the old bridge sprang into flame, kindled by the red fire on boats anchored by the piers and arches. For ten minutes the glory on hill and river held us as though in a trance. Then slowly the fires died, darkness returned, and a quick burst of fireworks, with burning swastikas upon the bridge, ended the display.

In another half hour we were in our 'busses again, speeding toward Heilbronn. We were a quiet company now, a little tired and a good deal awed by what we had just seen. Also the night was beautiful, and all the clustering stars sang silent music to our hearts. The villages were dark as we sped by—I hated to think of weary sleepers awakened, perhaps, by these rumbling vehicles! It was midnight as we entered the city, and twelve-fifteen o'clock as we descended from our places and started home. Eighteen hours we had been upon our way, happy in companionship, in glimpses of beauty, and in the dear traditions of a lovely country.

I pondered these men and women as I lay wakeful upon my bed that night. Less than twenty years ago, these good townsfolk of Heilbronn were all living, and I was their sworn enemy in America. Under orders of government, we were set to kill each other—or my son to kill their sons, and theirs mine. Perhaps among the thousands of dead from this old city in the Great War, there was some dear boy of some father or

mother beside me on this trip who had been slain by some youth from my country, or even city. How mad it all seemed, and how unreal in the face of the simple good fellowship of this happy day! Germany has gone through much in these sad years, but these people were without hate or bitterness, and still drew inspiration from nature and the heart of man. What imaginable troubles should ever intrude upon such life, and what contentions ever more divide men from each other?

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

It's War—That's All!

(A Sunday in Seattle)

This is Sunday evening (we used to call the day "Sabbath") and I am looking out of my study window at the close of the day. Down below in the immediate foreground is Lake Union. Across to the East, on Capitol Hill, the "golden windows" are beginning to come out. To the southeast I can see the towers of the City with here and there a church spire. In the Bay (Elliott), a half mile away, I can see the "Mighty Armada" battleship Nevada, the heavy cruisers, Chicago, Indianapolis, Northampton, New Orleans, San Francisco, Houston, Portland—that "dropped in" last Friday night to "camp under the walls of the City." Fifty miles away—beyond the "Armada" looms the Mountain. The preacher, this morning, had read something about our strength coming from the mountains. What a wonderful setting for a "Sabbath day!"

The only blot on the landscape is the mighty "Armada." That word is suggestive. The only "armada" that cuts any figure in my memory is the "Spanish armada" that made Spain "Mistress of the Sea,"—but, alas, shot and shell and storm brought disaster, and then started the "downfall of the Spanish Empire." "History repeats herself" was a moral I learned as a boy. It requires no wisdom to prophesy—the Destroyer will be destroyed! America, Britain, Japan—take notice—your days are numbered so long as you put your trust in armadas!

War is the great agent of destruction. Over ten years ago I was in Berlin—seat of a once mighty empire. Nearly all the world was at the feet of Germany forty years ago. Mistress in music, in science, in government, in social order, in commerce—I looked around Berlin the once proud capital city. I asked, What has caused this? Only one reply: "It's War—that's all." I visited schools for the blind, for the children that were underfed, for the crippled. I was shown the ribs of thousands of little children, so emaciated, due to starvation, showing it in lungs, skin, eyes—and little white ribs that stuck out to bear witness to embargo, prisons—one goes hot and cold as he recalls—that's why I turned from "social service" as a cure for man's diseases—"It's War—that's all." War must be abolished! Navies must be blotted out of our vision. I confess that I see no sign of it—but I am sure that they are doomed as was the slave auction block—a few years after my birthday. Garrison was derided, but Garrison spoke the truth. Even Brisbane in his Hearst paper of today acknowledges that cannibalism and bodily slavery, once defended in America by sincere clergymen and our Supreme Court, have gone. The navies and their ilk are doomed, but not as long as we have so many who apologize and defend their existence.

On the way to church, Plymouth Congregational, I dropped into the "Y" for breakfast. Splendid institution. I could spend many words in praise of the "Y." On the whole, I have no doubt that it is the best all-round social-moral institution in the land, and for that matter, in the world. It is the most consistently "Christian" in practice, in city and college and international affairs, than any other organization, of my knowledge. This is the reason that I feel badly when I note signs of the "Y" drawing close to the Army and Navy, for I think that these will be in the long run very bad for the "Y." Even now, the American Legion (dear old maids) is after the "Y" at the "U" for permitting meetings in their building with radical speakers. Here the Army and Navy have a joint-hotel with the regular "Y." I confess when I went out of the breakfast room I was disturbed to find on the pavement, near the main door, those false sandwich boards of invitation, "Navy Offers Travel," etc., "Adventure Over the World," "The Navy Is Calling" or a nice girl beckoning with her finger, "The Navy Needs You"—bill-board advertising is carried too far. The "Y"—so splendid, from its beginning till now—is bound to lose from this joint alliance. As a kind of antidote I suggest that once a week a Prayer meeting for the Peace of the World be held about these boards, and others like throughout the land.

But I was on my way to church. A few moments before 11 o'clock I am in a pew, enjoying the atmosphere of quiet. If I had not had time for meditation, perhaps I would not have been thinking these thoughts! This auditorium is almost perfect. It is a copy in architecture of the auditorium in Plymouth (Beecher's) church, Brooklyn. Plymouth, Seattle, is much better furnished. This church is the largest Congregational church in the Northwest. Able preachers and laymen have guided its destinies throughout the years. A few minutes before service, a worker came in and fixed the radio apparatus, for both pulpit and choir, reminding one of two functions of the Church—singing and prophesying. Dr. Claton S. Rice, new superintendent in the Northwest for Congregationalists, spoke well on the "Splendid Meeting at Reed College, Oregon," of delegates from as far apart as New York and Peking, to discuss international affairs.

My mind naturally got started on the line of war and peace. The battleships in the harbor, which I saw at the end of the street, as we went away from the church, benediction pronounced, were still bothering me. Those sandwich signs at the "Y" in a prominent place on the pavement, near the main entrance calling with all the arts of salesmanship to the boys to come and see the world and become defenders of the nation. I can see the causes of depression, poverty, lunacy, crime, lust and all that, but there is *one great cause—war!* What is the use of clubs, churches, cooperatives, societies for the blind, the orthopedic, etc., etc., when out of the sky comes all of a sudden the dread detroyer—War? It's War—that's all! War must be abolished.

I was getting on pretty well with my worship, sing-

ing, scripture responses, etc., when the preacher gave out the hymn,

God is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove:
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever,
Man decays and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

and so on, for two more verses. A beautiful hymn and very popular—for merit in hymnology. I glanced down at the author—I knew, but it came back to me—this man who composed and gave to the world "God is love, his mercy brightens all the path in which we rove!" was none other than John Bowring ("Sir") who from Hongkong engineered the terrible First Opium War against China,—which gave the British their strangle-hold on China and like the fall of Adam was the beginning of all our woes in the Orient! The rape of Manchuria by the Japanese was a Sunday School picnic as compared with the diabolical, inexcusable war on the Chinese by the British over a hundred years ago, which set in motion the century assault of the Western nations upon China. And this was headed up by the hymn writer Bowring! "God is love, His mercy brightens!"

This is only a sample of the Acts of the hymn-singing and writing bandit—the Anglo-Saxon, in which name is included the American. The Anglo-Saxon has been the greatest of robbers, along with his nefarious action he has also been religious. He can stand alongside Mahomet. There was Chinese Gordon and Balfour and Lloyd George and Cromwell—a host of others—who have linked deeds of invasion and exploitation and banditry with theology and piety. This was the one weakness of the early New England Puritans—as compared with Penn's Quakers—that they went forth to conquest—the Bible in one hand, *but* with the gun in the other. This blood-thirst poison must be driven out of the Anglo-Saxon or he is doomed to extinction. Our Seattle Harbor must be rid of the murderous Armada!

For in this Armada, and other ships like it, in the air, on the land, in the water, under the water, lies our destruction. The entire life of the population is affected by its contact. Our business, our morals, our young men and maidens, our churches, our schools—*our whole life*—music, art, pleasures, games, etc., "the city is yours!"—will be lowered and at last destroyed by the military disease. Over those battleshps I read the doom of our beloved city! The industrial octopus that feeds on the life of the citizens is bad enough, but every good citizen works to throw off its hold. But the military octopus that comes up from the sea and over the hills lays hold of all parts of society! And the grip is a strangle-hold!

Tonight (Monday) I watch the eclipse of the moon, also from the same study window. The Mountain was in the shadow, the battleships in the harbor. From the hill tops (wonderful for sight seeing) thousands are calmly gazing at the wonder in the sky. They were not disturbed, as the men of old. We know that light gives way to darkness and darkness to light, according to fixed laws, which are inescapable. They are enforced by the Eternal.

The sermon of Sunday came back to me, with that hymn! and the story of the Portland meeting on International Peace. I had recently met Libby and Handsaker of the Council for the Prevention of War (good, able men), one on his way to Washington, the other on his way to Japan to preach peace on the Pacific. And I thought of Sidney L. Gulick, the same kind of a good man who was in Switzerland, in 1914, to bring peace—who had to scurry back home to escape the Great War storm, just bursting on the world. And I had that day been reading in UNITY the story of the great Pacifist, Jane Addams, who crossed land and sea for peace—yet, these and all of us were defeated, are defeated, because we work along old ways that are outworn; because our activities are subject to a "weak Christian will."

We are doomed as long as battleships camp in our harbors, acting the approved part of "Defenders," entertained as such in our homes and market places! We must keep everlastingly in our mind's eye one goal—one only—the absolute abolition of battleships and their evil companions—in air, on land and in water! Our weak, emotionalized Christian will must be displaced with a Garrisonian non-compromise, adamant-attitude toward the War fiend. Nothing but total abolition will answer. The very thought of exploiting and murdering Chinese and in the same breath singing "God is love, God is mercy" should horrify us and bring us to our knees. There is but one road for the Anglo-Saxon to take to escape his doom—bringing, like Samson, the whole temple down with him—is to restore his ill-gotten gains, to change his ways, to trust absolutely on friendships instead of on battleships! We should ask *not* is a bomb better (or worse) than a gun; is a battleship better than a submarine? *But* they all come from the same foul womb, and are fit only for a common cesspool. There is but one word that covers the disease—*Abolition! Amputation! Total disarmament now!*

SYDNEY STRONG.

Sonnet

I cannot think a world so fair was meant
For warring minds that scheme to hate and kill;
A world where stars come down to crown a hill
Must surely have been fashioned for content.
And yet, how often is its quiet rent
By cries of those whose needs have made men ill,
Who tread unseeing on the daffodil,
Nor heed the bough with petaled promise bent.

How long will man be satisfied with less
Than beauty which is patterned after peace?
Is there no language strong enough to tell
His stubborn heart there is a sure redress,
A certain path of love that brings release,
An exit from his silly self-made hell?

GEORGIANA BOLE KING.

To a Comrade Who Believes That "Some Wars Are Justified"

Comrade, when that day comes, and you and I
(Who side by side have stormed their citadel
Scorching with truth each comfortable lie
Whose smug complacence paves the path to Hell)
When you and I break up that brotherhood
You will go forth beneath the flag we scorn
Saying that lesser evil leads to good
And seeking courage in a creed outworn.

But we who were your brothers, standing true
In broken legions to our common cause
Barring your masters' path will challenge you
Even as you and I defied their laws:
And in that moment you will understand
What blood must be the first upon your hand.

R. A. R.

Notes on a Trip to the Orient

Honolulu really is the paradise it's cracked up to be—at least as far as nature is concerned. Flowers spilling over everything, mountains with breathtaking views of a turquoise sea, and amiable people.

Most newspaper men, business men and literary people seem to feel that Hawaii has done a remarkable piece of Americanization, blending many races successfully, interpreting one race to the other. An employment manager of one of the largest sugar plantations on the island claimed that the young Japanese workers who marry and set up their own homes prefer American ways and have no desire to return to their native country or to its customs. I saw a baseball team composed of Japanese, Chinese, Hawaiians, Filipinos and Americans playing baseball barefooted which seems to be a local custom. When the evening paper came out I noticed in the society column that David Yee, son of Yee Sheong was being honored at a dance. The guests included both Chinese and Hawaiian names. In the same paper an announcement of a University student party for freshmen included the following names as hosts: Cooper, Chun, Amoy, Saiki, van Brocklin, Capellas, Ting, Ukauka, Akinoka and Hustace. Socially the color bar is not raised.

The University features courses in oriental culture, literature, art and history. It feels it has a definite mission in interpreting the culture of the orient to the occident and vice versa. Incidentally a Japanese girl recently won an all college beauty contest.

But the army and navy men feel that this attitude is dangerous and that those who hold it are sentimentalists having the wool pulled over their eyes. They see potential spies in every sampan and suspect hidden supplies of Japanese ammunition in every crater bowl. I began to wonder how much wishful thinking had to do with both points of view.

There isn't much native color left in Honolulu any more unless one pokes around in out of the way places. Down in the slums (yes, there *are* slums), we ran into a local election campaign the strategy of which might well be copied in the states. It was evening. An enormous banyan tree alive with small boys spread huge branches over the assembled crowd of dark skinned Hawaiians. It was a family gathering with fathers, mothers, children and suckling infants packed together on hard benches for a little free entertainment. And it was entertainment. Each candidate was accompanied by a band of hula-hula singers. First came a short speech, none of these long drawn out declamations but merely a good-natured request to vote for the speaker as well as the rest of his ticket. One admonition even went so far as to urge the audience to be sure and vote for S—— as "he's the weakest one of us and needs your support." The speech was given in both English and the melodious Hawaiian tongue. Then the hula-hula singers from a bandstand near the tree trunk gave their concert—their rich mellow voices moving the audience with one after another of their plaintive native songs. The evening was a succession of short concerts, the inference being that you vote for the sponsor of the best program.

Leaving Honolulu made me sympathize with Adam and Eve. Only I doubt if the angels put flower wreaths around their necks or played soft melodious music as they said farewell to paradise. There isn't a place in the world harder to leave to my mind. And there wasn't a passenger who didn't throw his leis into Honolulu Harbor hoping sentimentally that there was some truth in the adage that this ceremony would bring them back to these shores again some day.

Ten more days of water and then land! We hung over the rail watching the passing scene. Low mountains like Hawaii, ever so green. A natural harbor for a long, long way along the coast. Gleaming white castles against the green cliffs that turned out to be lighthouses as we came nearer. It was a cloudy day but rifts of sunlight gleamed on the weathered villages nestled in coves at the foot of the mountains. An airship beyond was silhouetted against the grey clouds. Birds swooped near. Sampans like a flock of swans with craned necks floated afar off. A fishing boat near enough to see clearly was made of beautifully mottled wood with grey and white square sails. A man in high red boots and coolie coat gazed up at us from it. I wondered what he was thinking. His impassive face mirrored none of the curiosity I am sure ours reflected.

Before we realized it we were close enough to shore to see a magnificent hill cut around by a highway and with walls marking off estates. Modern business buildings skirted the shore. Then suddenly we rounded a point and had quietly slid into Yokohama harbor. Two bobbing boatloads of customs officials and news reporters clambered up onto the deck. The newsmen were loaded with cages of homing pigeons. They stacked them up on the deck and then bustled about taking pictures and interviews. Negatives and stories were rolled into tubes that looked like fountain pens and each was fastened under the wing of a bird. Out over the harbor the birds flew, straight to the news offices in Tokyo. Faster and cheaper than telegrams or telephoto. When we got to Tokyo an hour or so later the newspapers were already on the street with stories and pictures of the boat's arrival.

As I watched the trunks and baggage being heaved out of the hold on to the dock a beaming little Japanese sidled up alongside and said, "Well, how you like Japan?" I was inclined to feel quite cross at such a stupid question and also because I was impatient to get off the boat but his face was as eager as a child's—he wanted me to start right off liking it before I had even seen it. So I said as pleasantly as I could that what I had seen of Japan was charming.

It was pouring rain in Yokohama. Apparently it almost always is. We drove in an American limousine an hour away to Tokyo. All motor cars are equipped with brushes fastened to the tires so as not to splash those on foot. Comforting to know that pedestrians still command respect somewhere

although the odds seemed to be that they would be killed before they were splashed. I have never seen such perilous driving. I hung on to the side strap the entire way expecting a collision at any moment as the driver threaded his way at a terrific speed between taxis, bicycles and tram cars. Everyone seemed to be on wheels — but no not everyone. I asked politely of our Japanese host—don't women ride bicycles? I was squelched with a tight-lipped "No." No sense of modesty apparently exists about tucking kimonos into long-legged under pants to keep them dry. Gay colored umbrellas were juggled dextrously as bike riders steered their trailers full of furniture, cabbages done up in straw matting, wood, charcoal and every other sort of commodity that needed hauling, through the traffic.

School children just released from classes with school bags on their backs like little Germans are all in uniforms. Girls wear bad fitting pleated blue skirts and white middy blouses, boys a grey cotton convict suit with cadet cap. They look most unaesthetic next to their pre-school brothers and sisters in gay kimonos. The clatter on the streets is noisier than Holland. Almost everyone is wearing clogs with "heels" a couple of inches high—a certain method of keeping the feet dry. Think of being able to buy shoes for fifteen cents!

We passed a red and gold palanquin parked at the curbing with a half dozen carriers lying on their backs under the canopy waiting for the rain to stop. Our host says it is for some neighborhood Shinto celebration.

The shops are all open to the street with iron doors that roll down and lock at the bottom like Continental shops. The upper story is living quarters with movable screens. We get an occasional peek inside empty rooms but most screens are pulled to on account of rain. An empty room on a cold damp day seems particularly cheerless. I picture my children back home gathered around the fireplace popping corn on just such a day as this.

Fascinating alleys running criss-cross from the highway are gay with red charactered advertisements, baskets of vegetables and fruits piled high, and gayly kimonoed women carrying babies on their backs. Vegetables, fruit, kimonos and umbrellas are the only color against the unpainted houses and greens and greys of the landscape.

We cross a river—the low banks have been turned into a golf course. Perpendicular signboards in the fields near numerous electric power plants are extremely decorative—no pictures, just black characters on a white background. A baseball field is on the other side of the road. I am told that the turn-out for a big game in Japan exceeds that in America. Yokohama practically runs into Tokyo but the few dabs of land not built on are turned into patches of rice fields. Strawmatting takes the place of umbrellas for the farmers who trudge through the muck thinning out young shoots.

The Imperial hotel of brown brick at first sign seemed to fit into the Japanese scheme of things. A large American flag hung out to welcome us. Inside however it was like a subterranean cave, incredibly dark and dreary. The rooms were full of little drawers and shelves and juttings-out. After a trunk and a couple of suitcases are moved in there is no room to turn without bumping into something. Our room is opposite the floor office and two adorably pretty girls in kimonos and wreathed in smiles bowed us in.

We spent our first evening at the home of an American newspaper friend. He lives in a Japanese house with a tiny but altogether amazing garden. We sat in the matted drawing room with its European furniture—the whole end open to the garden. When the rains became too violent the screens were pulled together. Though a tiny and modest little house it was beautifully and artistically built of natural woods—a beam of an entire tree ingeniously carven decorated the ceiling. On the front gate was posted a list of all the merchants with whom R—— does business. This is for the benefit of the police who thus keep track of what is spent. Dossiers are kept, fascist fashion, on practically everyone, but foreigners are under particular surveillance and suspicion.

Mrs. R——'s shopping is practically all done at the back door as butcher, baker and grocer come each day for orders. Even flowers are peddled from door to door. She complained of the difficulty of getting good meat, the Japanese being much less interested in meat than fish. Dinner was served by a dried up old lady in a kimono with the sleeves tied back and a large white apron enveloping her. For forty yen a month or at present exchange about $13 she does all the housework, cooking, washing, mending, shoe-shining, etc., and considers she is well paid. Noiseless but thoroughly efficient and an excellent cook she padded silently around the table tending to our wants.

The house had no running water except in the kitchen and china pitchers and bowls on a toilet stand reminded me of Europe during the war. The lavatory might have been a mail order specimen for rural regions. But there was a Japanese bathtub near the kitchen in a sort of anteroom. It looked like a sunken barrel. The water is heated by charcoal before it enters the tub. No occidental is supposed to be able to take a bath as hot as the Japanese do. The actual washing is done in a bowl beforehand á la sponge bath. You then get into the tub up to your neck to rinse off. All members of the family use the same rinse water as theoretically you are clean before getting in. The Japanese have no false modesty about anything that is a necessity. It is immodest for a girl to expose her neck and arms in public but it is not immodest for members of both sexes to line up at a hotel, for their turn at immersion. I gathered that the Japanese consider us as rather a dirty race on the whole since few of us comparatively speaking consider a daily bath absolutely essential in the conduct of living. Certainly we do not provide in bathless areas the public baths with which Japan abounds.

We were awakened at 6:00 a. m. by loud trumpeting under the window. Semi-conscious I thought I was home listening to the grammar school orchestra. I looked out of the window to see six khaki-clad soldiers on their way to the parade ground across from the hotel each blowing bravely on a different key.

I went to Yokohama in the morning in search of

a decent shampoo with Mrs. R——. This seems to be the chief problem of the foreign colony. Electric trains between Tokyo and Yokohama are marvellously clean and swift. A Japanese man entered after us, took off his sandals, curled himself up comfortably on the plush seat and went to sleep. The country looked fresh and green after the rain. Kimonos were strung along the fences drying.

The "beauty parlor" run by White Russians was located between the Chinese consulate and Marshall Fields Wholesale. Yokohama is like that.

I was hard put to argue the operator out of dying my eyebrows even if I would be much more "chic." Beauty is not yet the high pressure stuff it is in America. A shampoo took two hours.

We went to a second hand kimono market on the main street and sat on the edge of a raised platform while the bright eyed proprietor spread one after another before us. His wife peeked around the partition at us full of curiosity. We used sign language most effectively and finally purchased a beautiful all-silk kimono for a little better than $2.00. Wealthy young girls only wear their kimonos a time or two and then sell them to dealers. The kimonos themselves don't change in style but the materials do.

We lunched at the New Grand Hotel for foreigners on roof garden overlooking harbor and I marvelled at a city which has been so completely rebuilt in eleven years. I remembered that the fires had been especially bad because the earthquake happened at noon when dinner was being prepared. Japanese girls are hotel bell hops—very giggly ones all done up in tight trousers and brass buttons.

The first official banquet took place in the evening at the largest Japanese club in Tokyo, run by the same management as the Imperial hotel. We were entertained first by exquisite geishas dancing to weird music which made me think of our Indian music. The musicians squat behind the dancers. They were all women, too. It seems not to be customary for men and women to either dance or do dramatics together. The dancing is supposed to be symbolic but the Japanese men of whom I inquired for further enlightenment were as ignorant as I. But it is not really dancing in our sense—rather a series of poses with absolutely expressionless faces. The manner of using their hands was fascinating—perfect control for which years of training must be necessary. Occasionally the swaying of bodies and the motions of hands reminded me of the South Sea island dancing minus the vulgarity, although the tempo is much slower and more dignified. Their dead white faces coated with paint made them appear like mechanical dolls, certainly they were far from human. I began to have a feeling of strangeness and unlikeness that I hadn't sensed before in the modern bustle of Tokyo.

I sat between the minister of communications and an aged count at dinner. The minister was very jolly but we could communicate only in smiles and giggles since he spoke nothing but Japanese. The count was too solemn to giggle so we didn't communicate at all. Sally across the table was between the Minister of Education and the Minister of Finance. The Minister of Finance picked his teeth in approved Japanese fashion from behind his hand continuously from soup to nuts. The Minister of Education is known to speak English but shakes his head every time Sally addresses a remark. She hadn't heard the honorable gentleman has been popularly dubbed "Mama-papa" because of his anti-foreign campaign to stop Japanese children from calling their parents by English names. So she goes on undaunted. "Fork," says she, picking up her own. The minister nodded. The lesson proceeded to "knife" and "spoon." The Minister continued to nod but refused to open his lips. "Soup" says Sally as the waiter puts a plate in front of her. The Minister forgets himself and repeats "soup." Sally is gleeful. She persists by asking if when he climbs Fuji does he go up "like this," making her fingers walk slowly on the tablecloth, or "like this"—fingers walking very fast. The minister begins to break down. He replies by making his fingers walk very fast.

The speeches begin. The patron prince makes the welcoming address. He is a very serious and intelligent young man known as the "fascist prince." He is followed by the dean of Japanese newspapermen who is a humorous old soul with a head exactly like the crocks one buys at the dime store in which to grow grass. He speaks for forty-five minutes. The Japanese guests laugh frequently so I wait patiently for the translation but it contains no jokes. Feel cheated. The American response finally comes but our speaker is in difficulties because he is obliged to face prince thus turning his back to the audience of some five hundred. The end of speeches and translations of speeches comes at last and the American guests are presented with sandlewood boxes painted with chrysanthemums and the imperial emblem and containing pink and white cakes like meringues, a gift from the imperial family. We are duly impressed with this honor while waiters show us how to tie up our boxes in white kerchiefs, Japanese fashion.

We visited a department store. There are several in Tokyo, all very modern and beautifully ordered. The second and third floors took my breath away—displays of kimono silks and sash brocades were like an art exhibit. The colors and designs were a feast for the eyes. Tie-dye sashes in shaded silks for men and children's kimonos look like smocking—the patterns most intriguing. Padded kimonos for winter were being shown and there were racks of waterproof kimonos worn as raincoats by men made of some kind of processed silk in really stunning patterns. Almost half of one upper floor was devoted to European clothes—very ugly and badly designed machine-made things with no style. There were many customers, however, especially the younger generation. It is very sad that the practicality of European clothes and the beauty and grace of Japanese kimonos cannot be combined. Would that some unemployed Paul Poiret might make this contribution to the westernization of Japan.

I tried to find some Japanese story books to take home to our children but there were only translations of Mickey Mouse and Betty Boop. I was intrigued by the fragile and infinitely tiny toy dolls and houses which reflect patience and artistic taste of their makers and was unable to resist several.

Dorothy Walton Binder.

Another Page of the Jane Addams Memorial

A TRIBUTE FROM ZONA GALE, Portage, Wisconsin

Everyone who knew Jane Addams can remember, almost certainly, the moment of first meeting her.

When I saw her first, years ago, I was a member of the staff of a Milwaukee newspaper, and I had been sent up to Antigo, Wisconsin, to report a meeting of a district federation of women's clubs. It was almost my first out-of-town assignment, and I had made no hotel reservations, nor had I looked out the return trains. So when night came, in Antigo, I found myself with no hotel room, waiting in the little hotel office for a train which would leave for Milwaukee at about two o'clock in the morning.

But this did not much matter. It had been a great day. And the highlight of the time—indeed, the only event that I can recall, was the hour when we had listened to Jane Addams. I can see her now—a frail figure in black, in that characteristic early attitude; head slightly at one side, one shoulder slightly lifted, hands clasped behind her. She was pale then, with brown hair coiled low in her neck, and her even, eager voice was holding the room, as it never ceased to do whenever she spoke, her life long. She had made the long journey from Chicago, to speak to that little group of women, because she was burning then with that need which conditioned her days—to get to any who would listen, the word of the need of the underprivileged; the word that the individual as unit, is only one unit, and that social attention must shift, must extend from him to the group. She didn't say that—but to everyone who heard her, she offered the vision which compelled her.

Later, hearing her speak before great audiences, hearing her acclaimed world around, seeing her identified with social responsibilities of world significance, one knew that the small figure of the Antigo meeting was merely still speaking the truth that was in her then: That brotherhood is a fact in nature.

Sitting there, then, in that tiny hotel office, trying to get something of the day and of her into my story for the newspaper, I was aware of someone who had seated herself beside me. It was Miss Addams.

"They tell me," she said, "that you can't get a room and must wait here for the train at two o'clock. I'm taking that train too. Won't you come and rest in my room until they call us?"

One who has traveled far to speak to an audience and must take a train at a wild hour, knows how precious is the solitude of one's room for the few hours there. This she gave up for a stranger, and her exquisite graciousness became to me an unforgettable memory.

I have many other pictures of her: At Hull House, in the dining room with her large family about her, talking on to her English visitors of note while she went to space a copper jar on a wall shelf; or in her tiny book-filled room; or in the Henry street neighborhood house in New York, taking equal suffrage for granted before it was respectable; or at the meetings of the Union Against Militarism, that group of twenty which, in the Spring of 1917, sent newspaper page advertisements over the country protesting against "an eleventh-hour participation in a conflict not our own"; and for one memorable day, in our home in Portage, Wisconsin, with her brooding awareness of every one whom she met and her way of rolling back the air to let us all see briefly that which she saw all the time. And in every picture, there is implicit that power which I caught in that first meeting—the power to value alike the need of the individual and the need of the group. Her divination of creative living, of the simple fact that beings may know their unity and may act upon that knowledge *always* without exception, this she held up as one holds any banner.

A fundamental fact of life, and Jane Addams divined it and lived it, so that thousands have learned it from her.

Quotations from the Week's Correspondence

I

Editor of UNITY:

I hope you have published a great many of the Jane Addams Number of UNITY. For surely there will be a demand for them. For the enclosed one dollar I shall be grateful if you will forward as many copies as that will pay for.

Two instances—Jane Addams was speaking at a Peace meeting in Chicago. Jenkin Lloyd Jones was Chairman. When it came time for Miss Addams to speak, he arose and with the friendly twinkle of his eyes, said: "And now it is Jane, our maid of all works."

There was hardly a dry eye in the house, so touched were we by this beautiful tribute.

One day at Hull House, Miss Addams was "tending door"; some people called (I suspect because it was the thing to see Hull House). In her generous, gracious way she had showed them all about, explaining the work and efforts. As the people went they asked: "Now, Miss Addams, what do you do about Hull House?"

She answered, "Oh, I open the door and answer the telephone."

My grateful appreciation for the most satisfying Jane Addams Number of UNITY.

E. A. W. HOSWELL.

II

Editor of UNITY:

In the year 1902 when waiting for a train connection at a junction village in Central Nebraska, I found in a wall pocket a copy of UNITY, placed there by a woman's society of the town. I was so pleased with it that when I got home I used 20 per cent of my salary for the week to order it and I have been a subscriber ever since.

In all the years I have never read a bit of serious literature as inspiring as the current copy, the Jane Addams Memorial Number. Please find check for extra copies. These copies will be mailed to friends in five states and in two foreign countries. I might add

that the life of the former Editor and the present Editor have ever made the weekly arrival of the UNITY an event of the week.

Omaha, Nebraska. E. D. CAMPBELL.

III

Editor of UNITY:

The Jane Addams Memorial Number of UNITY is fine. The poem below I have kept in my desk for years. It pictures Jane Addams of Hull House, but to my way of thinking Hull House was just a place where her soul was made visible as she paused on her way to the great out-reaching of her spirit in seeking International friendship and good will. Hull House should continue only so long as her spirit dominates the work. International friendship and good will, that is Jane Addams' modern way of confessing Jesus. The brotherhood of man will be the abiding place of her spirit until brotherhood and friendship and good will bind the human family together. How long, oh, how long will it be before the spirit of Jane Addams can rest in love, triumphant over greed and selfishness and hate!

O. C. S.

Jane Addams

(Suggested by reading her Reminiscences in *The American Magazine* and her book, "The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets")

God gave this woman grace to see
Life's most perplexing mystery:
The beauty that forever springs
In common, unregarded things;
And made her quick to understand
The soul's imperious demand
Through ways obscure of sin and crime,
Where lilies fester in the slime.
She knows the stir of youth is sweet
In children of the city street,
That sets the tender feet to dance
And seek the regions of romance.
What though the ways their fancies range
Are ofttimes perilous and strange?
'Tis life itself that sets the snare
Whose bait is more than blood can bear,
With love and longing to be free.
She does not blame their errancy.
But they who make the need for play
A lure to lead young hearts astray,
'Tis they she visits with her scorn.
With pity, too, her heart is torn
For men uprooted from their soil,
For women sunk in soulless toil,
And well she knows to lift each heart
With spell of some remembered art
That springs from spindle or from loom.
So, on the monstrous grime and gloom
Of our great cities she has shed
A light of healing, and has fed
Lives hungrier for love than bread.
Another age would call a saint
This woman who grows never faint
In bearing burdens for her kind.
O brooding heart, O boundless mind,
That, reading deep, divine God's plan
Of perfect love, obscured by man!

—*William Aspenwall Bradley.*

Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

IV

Editor of UNITY:

The Jane Addams Memorial Number just arrived. You certainly deserve the approval and commendation of all righteous and God-fearing people for this tribute to that matchless woman. I have several friends in El Monte whom I am sure would greatly appreciate a copy of this number. I am enclosing a dollar, please send copies.

ISAAC F. BAKER.

V

Editor of UNITY:

May I express my gratitude to you for your Jane Addams Memorial Number. It ought to be printed in pamphlet form and broadcast all over the world free of charges, paid for by the government. *Why not?*

CARL P. HOJBJERG.

Dannebrog, Nebr.

VI

Editor of UNITY:

The Jane Addams Memorial Edition of UNITY is a beautiful tribute to a splendid character who rendered this mundane sphere a more worthy habitation by virtue of her ennobling influence.

For many years (present age 56) I have endeavored to secure a large size photograph of Miss Addams for my "Hall of Fame," but apparently I have been unable to contact the proper folks.

Today it occurred to me that perchance through your good offices, my petition may reach the proper authorities.

JOSEPH LAMB.

Pittsburgh, Penna.

VII

Editor of UNITY:

Please forward six copies of your splendid Jane Addams Number for which I enclose remittance.

J. W. BARWELL.

Waukegan, Ill.

VIII

Editor of UNITY:

Let me both thank and congratulate you on the Jane Addams Memorial Number. It is expansive tribute to her written with such personal and human understanding that it justly reflects her great qualities. Mr. Holmes's In Memorium is a masterpiece.

AMY WOODS.

South Duxbury, Mass.

IX

Editor of UNITY:

I have just received UNITY for July 15. It is magnificent. I have had time to read just six pages but I must have copies to send to friends in England, Mexico and South Africa.

You have done a remarkable piece of work for peace, justice, neighborliness, in fact for democracy in its broadest meaning by giving this collection of *sermons* to the public. With much gratitude,

ZONIA BABER.

Chicago, Ill.

X

Editor of UNITY:

The Jane Addams Number of UNITY was splendid. Congratulations. Kindly send me twelve copies here to my summer address.

LOUIS L. MANN.

Leland, Mich.

XI

Editor of UNITY:

Many congratulations on your beautiful memorial. I want ten copies and am enclosing check to cover.

BERTHA BIDWELL ROSENSTIEL.

Freeport, Ill.

Jane Addams

Living her life with trembling wisps of humanity,
Children born in the muddy "sloughs of despond."
Lavishing love where poverty causes insanity,
Tenderly lifting the poor from narrow bond.

GRACE FRENCH SMITH

A Word About Hero Worship

At the risk of misunderstanding on the part of many whose good opinion I warmly appreciate, and in peril of seeming to sound a discordant note at something like a funeral service, I am moved to say something concerning the Jane Addams Memorial Number of UNITY not quite in line with the utterances which seem to be of unanimous accord.

I knew Jane Addams, and have long shared the high appreciation of her which the humanitarian world so generally allows as her due. My first impression of her, as I saw her across the tables in the eating room at Hull House in 1907 and recognized her from her pictures, stirred me to vivid remembrance of that ancient scripture: "A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." This impression never left me, even when I had closer view of her at her own table years afterwards, to the last time I looked upon her, some three years ago, when she was convalescing from an illness which had left heavy marks upon her, in the hotel at Flint Ridge, overlooking Pasadena and the Sierra Madre mountains in Southern California. I would be far from saying any word in dispraise of one who so obviously lived the life of love and extraordinary consideration for others.

Yet am I disturbed that the leaders of world thought and world compassion still react so superficially, as it seems to me, in what I may call *the special privilege of personal appreciation.*

I know of no *"wickedest man in the world"* in the midst of a world which is so involved in social iniquity that I am sick at the smell of it on my own garments, and at my own fireside, do what I may to prove my own will to be clean. That Jane Addams "was the greatest of American women to the same extent and in the same spirit that Abraham Lincoln was the greatest of American men," seems to me open to like comment. I think I have known a good many men who were every whit as great in all true greatness as ever Abraham Lincoln was. And with all hesitance to be personal in my own appreciations, lest I seem for the moment to fall into the same error of *hero-millionairism,* to coin a much needed term, I think that Charlotte Anita Whitney, whom I have known now for a third of a century or more, in point of intelligence, goodness, and statesmanship, excels Jane Addams, a very deliberate judgment on my part. Nor do I think her alone, by any means, in this estimate of her character, her mental competence, and her relation to world affairs, among the women whom I know. I name her only because her name is known, though she will pass with no such acclaim as the world has given Jane Addams.

Indeed the very acclaim is to me a large item in questioning the very priority which is affirmed. There was no morbidity in the judgment of Jesus: "Woe unto you when all men speak well of you." It was profound sensitiveness to social reality which was given utterance in these words. Nor is the unanimous praise of the liberal world much less dangerous in its implications than the unanimous approval of the world at large. The liberal world is always more than half wrong. It is largely a world of unreality, compromise, and moral timidity at last. When Harriet Beecher Stowe made the genial slave-holder, St. Clair, her hero, as a Southern gentleman, and the brutal Legree her villain, by the same standard she reversed their factual relation to the slave issue, for it was the St. Clairs, and not the Legrees who kept chattel slavery alive and plunged us at last into the Civil War.

Vile as they are, viler than Simon Legree I am quite willing to admit, the munition makers and war profiteers are not as menacing for the continuance of capitalism as are those of us who manage to get for ourselves the credit of progressiveness, and high philanthropy, while at the same time consenting to hold the clothes of those who stone the Stephens of our day. I am more afraid of my own respectability, in the midst of a civilization so utterly and damnably disreputable as is this civilization which puts up with me for the mildness of my opposition to it, than I am concerned with any individual iniquity in the total mass of social guilt. We are none of us heroes or heroines, unless it be those who are in jail for having organized labor to fight for its own freedom, and these, not heroes and heroines in themselves so much as for the consequence of the thing they have sought to do.

I want to register my protest against the whole attitude of hero worship. It is, in my opinion, a contributory factor in blinding us to the realism of an actual social regeneration. The Lincoln cult is one of the most serious obstacles to common sense thinking about our American history in the last one hundred years, as the Washington cult was for the fifty years before. We are still building sepulchers for the prophets of yesterday instead of getting into step with the martyrs of today. Jane Addams lived. Good! But had she lived more she would have had fewer to admire her in her death. For instance, on my desk now is an appeal for Lorraine Norman, now in the penitentiary at Tehachipi, California, on as outrageous a trial as that which sent Jesus to His cross. Get the picture: an American girl, of tender years, sick, despondent and *about to become a mother.* If you would know more about her write The Committee for the Repeal of the Criminal Syndicalism Law, San Mateo Branch, 220 Park Road, Burlingame, California.

ROBERT WHITAKER.

Concord

(Patriotic Poem)

O heart of old New England,
Where warriors fought and died,
O spirit of the Pilgrims
Where honesty and pride
Once urged our fathers onward
To battle for the free,
My heart would chant forever
Your hymn of liberty.

O wooded hills sky-lifting
The symbols of your strength,
O mighty rivers rushing
To bring your songs at length
To find the blue Atlantic,
To mingle with the sea,
My heart would chant forever
Your hymn of liberty.

Your shuttered houses listen
To elms that whisper low
Of men who hewed a nation
From dreams of long ago,
Your rivers and your mountains
Have brought the past to me,
My heart would chant forever
Your hymn of liberty.

GEORGIANA BOLE KING.

Chicago Opponents of Militarism to Make Active Campaign

It was late in the afternoon of June 26. The members of the Board of Education of Chicago had worked very hard. They had dutifully sat (or slept) through a long session in which perhaps a hundred or more measures and appropriations had been droned off and placed upon an omnibus to be approved as a whole. Nowhere a dissenting voice; nowhere a question. Everything was cut and dried. The Board members rubber stamped any and all measures presented to them. And now after all that hard mental labor, they had to wait to hear five pacifists—three preachers, a professor, a high school graduate—oppose the extension of the R. O. T. C. to eleven more Chicago High Schools. Maynard Krueger spoke. Mrs. Dilling, her "Red Net Work" in hand, was the only person in the large audience, which was packed with her sympathizers, to be permitted to heckle. She accused Professor Krueger of being a member of the faculty of the University of Chicago and hence impliedly a seditious person. Also of being inconsistent in talking such pacifism since, she claimed, he has advocated the violent overthrow of our government. Professor Krueger said that if her research had been a little more thorough she would have discovered that the statement she cited as his had been retracted by the Tribune several days after its appearance as a patent misrepresentation. Several high school principals then unctuously assured the Board that Military Training turns out gentlemanly and mild-souled students and in effect has nothing to do with war.

Then arose one Charles P. Fry, member of the Board, who claims to represent Labor's interests but who, we are told, is not recognized by the Chicago Federation of Labor. Mr. Fry, whose parochial school education allegedly and obviously has not extended much beyond the third grade, delivered himself of a mighty pronouncement on the subject of the day, military training. "There's one thing about it," he declared, "it does learn 'em discipline; you tell them to do a thing and they do it. . . . . You tell 'em forward march and they march!" Shades of fascism! Under such men must serve our university trained teachers. Then Mr. Fry, ignoring evidence that close order drill is worse than nothing, as far as its value for body building is concerned, pointed out that physical education is very expensive and here the army is handing the Chicago school system a substitute practically for nothing.

And what a gentlemanly example is offered to Chicago's pupils by Mr. Fry. "This young preacher here," he said (it might have been any one of three to whom he alluded)—"this young preacher here, probably hasn't got any children; or if he has, he probably doesn't know where they are." The one woman member of the Board called to Mr. McCahey, "Mr. President, I object!" but Mr. McCahey was either deaf, or approving of the vicious aspersion upon the clergy. He called a vote and the woman member, Mrs. Hefferan, the Board's permanent minority, again rose when she cast her vote against the resolution approving the extension of the R. O. T. C. to more than 4,000 students, to say that as one who had lost a son in the war she was against the R. O. T. C.; that the very name "Reserve Officers' Training Corps" at least savors of militarism. But what can one liberal Board member do? Has anyone overheard of more than one negative vote on an issue approved by the Chicago Board of Education? So the five protesters and their handful of supporters (only a few hours' notice of the hearing had been given them) filed out and as they walked past the head of the red squad, a political hanger-on remarked for benefit of the clergy: "Did the preachers get it rubbed into them today! The dirty communists!"

What of it? We don't know. But continued, stubborn, resolute, concerted opposition to the R. O. T. C. in Chicago by the church constituencies and leaders may instill a little more respect for church and clergy into Messrs. McCahey, Fry and their appointer and guardian, the Mayor of Chicago. The drive against the R. O. T. C. extension is somewhat late. It is almost like putting lightning rods on a barn after the lightning has struck. But since the R. O. T. C. is not compulsory in the Chicago schools, the one hope is to influence students to turn down the bait and bribes such as free shoes, uniforms, girl sponsors, military balls offered by the Army and to demand genuine physical education in place of its shabby military substitutes. To this end the Chicago opponents of militarism are organizing.

EDWIN H. WILSON.

The Study Table

Paul Revere Frothingham

The last time your reviewer saw Paul Revere Frothingham he was speaking at the annual meeting of the American Unitarian Association for an emphatic resolution in behalf of the League of Nations. In manifest impatience at the tepidity of the "delegates" he exclaimed: "This very resolution, though more strongly worded, was passed by the Episcopalians two weeks ago in this very city. Can't we at least be as progressive as the Episcopalians?" Well, it is an Episcopalian who at last writes the record of his upright, conscientious, kindly life in a veracious, sympathetic and graceful way. From one point of view it could not have been done better. Of special historical value are the chapters dealing with the young Frothingham's devotion to his great uncle Octavius B.; to William J. Potter and the ideals of the Free Religious Association; to the claims and rights of labor, early Cooperation and profit sharing. Instructive and graphic are the chapters in which the mature Frothingham faces the dilemma of Channing pacifism and pro-British sympathy, and finally does penance for his mis-choice by strenuously promoting the League of Nations and our participation in it. Very enlightening also is Dr. Robbins' comment on the immense mental and moral strain imposed upon Unitarian ministers by the theory and tradition that every sermon must be a sublime and final prophetic utterance. How Paul Revere Frothingham found relief in biographical interpretations of noble lives (cp. "All These," 1927, "Edward Everett," 1925, etc.) is a sage reminder. It is all tenderly reviewed and beautifully written—the latter part haunts one almost as an intoned requiem—and increases our esteem not only for a noble Unitarian minister but for his appreciative Episcopalian

*"Paul Revere Frothingham, The Life of," by Howard Chandler Robbins. 152 pp, bibliography and index. 8 vo. Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50. 1935.

friend who, reflecting upon Bishop Manning, has his Unitarian moments!

In spite, however, of its adroit piloting and urbane style, there is no impression of victory in the book. Rather, from what is obviously *not* told and explained, as from what is, one leaves it with a sense of a very noble futilism, such as the Thebans must have felt after the battle of Chaeronea,—"that haunts the soul and will not let it go, still beckoning from the heights of unregenerate years." We wonder if Dr. Frothingham was not too creative and manly a spirit to be conventionalized in such fashion. Was there not a biographer behind the biographer who, in the record as in life, worked through and upon this manly conscientiousness until Channing's successor did the most insistent rather than the more significant duty? This very suave but altogether adverse influence—call it Back Bayism or parvenu Boston Brahminism as one chooses—literally replaced the soul of Paul with its own ectoplasm. As a result, the young Unitarian minister of New Bedford who so inspiringly addressed the cotton mill strikers and preached dangerously upon the rights of Labor, and studied Cooperatives and profit sharing from the vantage point of Toynbee Hall, modulates into the lessor of Cockington Court at Torquay and a frequent guest of the Bishop of Hereford at the "Palace," and in Montreal, 1917, prompts ex-President Taft to his choleric excoriation of that "bad taste" pacifist, John Haynes Holmes. "So that is how and why that deplorable episode occurred," I said to myself on reading page 103! Would William Ellery Channing, whom Paul Revere Frothingham so wistfully praises but sadly misunderstands, have done such a thing? No,—for William Ellery Channing was stronger and finer than the Influence, in spite of Arlington Street Churchism, and a Beacon Hill mansion and a rich wife and Harvard dignities; and kept growing more radical, more outspoken, more inspired and eloquent to the end of his life—more, that is, of a genuine Unitarian and less of an Episcopalian Unitarian! In fine, your reviewer would recommend that the Commission on Survey and Appraisal put into its agenda the consideration of this very phenomenon—the Influence that creates Episcopalian Unitarians! Nor would it be surprising to hear the spirit of Paul—the young, New Bedford Paul, —seconding this motion!

CHARLES LYTTLE.

A Great Autobiography

The author of these memoirs* which run to 422 pages and are introduced by Mr. Lincoln Steffens, needs no introduction in the columns of UNITY, to which, in 1927, as a UNITY special correspondent, she wrote the splendid "Letters From China" series of articles.

In 1930, there came from her pen that earlier book of hers, "Russia Conquers Wheat." The dust wrapper of her present book shows not without meaning the stars and stripes superimposed by the hammer and sickle.

This literary self-portrait harks back to her New England, Puritan ancestry, notable for its emphasis on forcefulness and integrity, seriousness and nonconformity, and uncompromising individualism and dissent. One could trace the denominational lineage still further back to Independency, wth its traditional dissatisfaction of the middle-class, desirous of an intimately and personally comforting faith; and finally, back to the sturdy Lollard hostility to the mundane church. Against this background of a heritage, the remarkable shades of this striking personality fall into their historical perspective.

Miss Strong's mother belonged to "that first generation of women anywhere in the world to receive a college education," and the young girl got her intellectual start at this noble mother's knee. A chip of the old block, indeed, was Miss Strong, whose Tolstoyian father, Sydney Strong (our dear colleague), fearlessly championed the heretical movements of his day, Darwinism and pacifism.

When twenty-three, Miss Strong was a doctor of philosophy, and awake to the deficiencies of her college training, with its unrealistic "escape" character. In turn, she set her skilful hands to different humanitarian and social work projects: she arranged child welfare exhibits with much success and this lasted until the Russell Sage Foundation came along and superseded her.

Our author plodded on, battling the power trusts, knocking at the door of the Socialist Party, and inquiring about the class struggle, and bravely standing shoulder to shoulder with the intrepid pacifists of 1917. In progressive Seattle, as a left liberal, she wrote for the *Daily Call* and the *Union Record,* and leaped boldly into the midst of the fray to render class struggle service in the great 1919 general strike of Seattle, bravely seeing it through to its tragic finish with the closing down of the shipyards, and the breaking up of the radical movement. It was at this juncture that our author expressed the memorable hope, a *cri du coeur,* "I wish I could go to Russia," and when Lincoln Steffens encouraged her to do so, Miss Strong embarked on her Odyssey.

This pioneering woman, fain to follow "the unexplored trail in the untamed wilderness," was sagely impressed by the "creation in chaos" that was then taking place in the Soviet. "I intended to have a share in this creation," she said. She arrived in the Soviet as an American relief worker in 1921 (as also did the brilliant Julius Hecker), in the midst of famine and counter-revolution. At once she had occasion to see the spirit of comradeship and self-sacrifice that pervaded the masses living under the Bolshevist regime, exemplified in the woman Sonia: "There is nothing impossible. There is always a way. . . Don't think this famine can stop us"; and in the man Tregubenko: "We have forces to call on that these foreigners do not know."

Miss Strong organized *seriatim* the Russian American Club, the John Reed Commune, the American Educational Workshops, and the epoch-making Moscow *News.*

Many times swerved by her reformist sentimentality and liberal faith, our author's outlook was at loggerheads with the starker and grimmer one of the Bolshevists. As Miss Strong's husband once remarked to her: "You always attracted me, but in former years I never felt sure that we were on the same side of the barricades."

The *piece de resistance,* however, was Miss Strong's conference at the Kremlin with the Master himself, Comrade Stalin, "the most important half hour of my existence." After this memorable meeting our author was able the better to weigh carefully the duty of entering the fold of the ruling party—in a word, of crossing the Rubicon.

M. M. Borodin once made the observation: "Miss Strong is unlucky in her revolutions. She came too

*"I Change Worlds," by Anna Louise Strong. Published by Henry Holt & Co. $3. 422 pp.

late for the Russian revolution, and now she has come too soon for China." Seriously, our author is right on time for her own profoundly significant personal revolution. This ideological transfiguration and brilliant resurrection of hers, worthy of narration by a Tolstoy, is one wherein Miss Strong died to the lower life of the bourgeoisie in decay, and was soulfully reborn to the higher life of the oncoming proletariat.

Berdyaev holds that the only hope of the present dehumanized and dechristianized world lies in pure Christianity. Our author forcibly lays it down, contrariwise, that the modern world is bound to pass into a collective era. Having pierced through the Christian "myth," the author embraces Marxism and envisions the sole chance for mankind to lie in Communism.

The Anglo-Saxon world, the cradle and grave (to be) of capitalism, is being hard pressed to the ineluctible choice between the two mighty opposites. In the one anti-Marxist camp stand such upper-class leaders as Cosmo Gordon Lang, Thomas Stearn Eliot, William Ralph Inge, and Sir John Mosley. Space permits reference to only one of these. In his new book, "Vale," Dean Inge slanders the Socialists and betrays his hostile and scornful feeling toward the working-class. In the other pro-Marxist camp stand such "prophets of below" (to use Jacques Maritain's phrase) as Rajahni Palme Dutt, George Bernard Shaw, Sidney and Beatrice Webb, Dmitri Mirski, and Miss Strong.

As in the time of Darwin, the custodians of orthodox thought, out of sheer intellectual honesty, are compelled to take notice of the mighty challenge of Marxism. Dr. William Temple, in his Gifford Lectures, "Nature, Man and God," is constrained to define his own ideological position as "dialectical realism," "closely akin to the dialetical materialism of Marx, Engels and Lenin." And the Archbishop of York does not shrink from recognizing that the *weltanschauung* of Communism has so gripped the imagination of the modern world, and has so powerful a bearing on modern affairs, that only a deeper and wider Dialetic (than *Diamat,* i. e., Dialectical Materialism) can sufficiently withstand its remorseless challenge.

On the strength of the testimony these reminiscences summarize, Miss Strong is marked with an indelible stamp as being in the unique tradition of the late and saintly Jane Addams. Moreover, she has already caught up with, or is speedily attaining the heroic stature of, that small company of women throughout the world, like Mary Van Kleeck and Agnes Smedley in America, Mrs. Beatrice Webb and Mrs. Leah Manning in England, Madeline Slade in India, Emma Goldman, Ella Winter and Nadezhda Krupskaya in the U. S. S. R.

According to the M. C. H. (materialist conception of history) one might perceive how, on the geologic chessboard, two diametrically opposed worlds have exchanged two significant pawns. The U. S. S. R. immeasurably enriched the U. S. A. with the transplanted Russian, the genius, Emma Goldman; the U. S. A. has now given the U. S. S. R. in return, as it were, the transplanted American, the brilliant Anna Strong. If our author keeps up at the rate she is now going, Bolshevist Russia will in the end not have gotten the worst end of the aforementioned bargain. That is why the strictly, more correct Marxian title might have read, "Worlds Change Me."

Miss Strong's going Moscow-wards must be stretched from the seemingly particular incident it appears to the rock bottom universal reality and movement it particularizes. By serving as a weather-vane of the direction in which the historical wind is blowing, the author may in the future feel (in Rousseau's phrase): "It is not my fault if they have not listened to me."

NATHAN ESSELL.

The Field

(*Continued from Page* 214)

together and promote peace and international understanding.

FREDERICK HANKINSON.

The Rich Man and the Poor Man

(Compare Luke 16:19-31)

Now there was a certain rich man, and he lived in a beautiful house, drove an expensive automobile, and every day dined on the finest food. And a certain unemployed laborer lived just around the corner, and his children suffered from rickets. And he desired to be fed with the few crumbs of charity which the rich man contributed out of his abundance; yea even his dog seemed to be sorry for him.

And it came to pass that the poor laborer died and the angels of God carried his soul away to a happier land; and the rich man also died and was buried. And as he suffered in hell he lifted up his eyes and saw the poor laborer walking with Jesus on the streets of Paradise. And he cried and said, "Christ have mercy on me, and send the poor laborer that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue; for I am in anguish." But Jesus said, "Remember, my son, you got all the good things while you were on earth, just as the poor unemployed laborer got all the misery; he is in comfort now, and you are in anguish. And besides, there is a gulf here between heaven and hell, even wider than the gulf on earth between the rich and the poor."

Then he said, "I beseech you, send some one to Fifth Avenue and to Flatbush that he may open their eyes—for I had many brothers there —that they may mend their ways before it is too late." But Jesus said, "They have the message of the prophets and they have my testimony; let them pay attention to that." And he said, "No, but if some one were to come to them straight from heaven, they would listen." And Jesus said to him, "If they pay no attention to the prophets and to me, they would turn a deaf ear even if someone should rise from the dead."

—*Herman F. Reissig in The Presbyterian Tribune.*

The Curse of Money

I have stated more than once that the desire for profits besmirches everything it touches, that big business knows no morality. Recent advertisements prove this to the hilt.

Take *smoking,* for instance. For a time, we were simply told of the virtues and superiorities of various brands of cigarettes. Now the people are taught that not only is smoking non-injurious but is distinctly beneficial, and not only beneficial in moderation, but beneficial without limit. As one firm advertises: "You can smoke all around the clock." You can smoke every minute of the day and night except, I suppose, when you are sound asleep. And some fakers try to convince you that smoking has a stimulating effect. They tell you nothing of the fact that stimulation is followed by reaction, that a stimulus too often

repeated loses its effect, and that the depression puts the person in a worse state than he was prior to the stimulation. Nor do they say anything about the fact that on many people smoking has a distinctly deleterious effect without even a temporary stimulation.

Drinking: And now the advertisements are beginning to tell you that not only is drinking non-injurious, but it is distinctly beneficial, that it will "lift you up," stimulate you, and the lord knows to what extent such advertisements will increase the amount of drinking. People are strongly influenced by advertisements. Only the scientifically educated, the clear-visioned skeptics can escape the influence of clever publicity. But how many are there such?

Habit-Forming Drugs: It is fortunate that the indiscriminate sale of such habit forming poisons as morphine, heroin, cocaine, etc., is prohibited by law; otherwise, I am quite sure that manufacturers and dealers in those drugs would not only sell them freely to young and old, but would try to convince people that their use is not only non-injurious but distinctly beneficial; and they might find medical hirelings who would write favorable articles on the use of narcotics and habit-forming drugs.

—*Dr. William J. Robinson, in Critic and Guide,* (New York).

How the Power Companies Do It

The "best ever" illustration of "rate base padding" by a power concern is shown in the New York State Legislative Committee's investigation of public utilities. The Associated Gas system contrived to leech consumers of $250,000 a year in the form of higher rates in the following hypothetical legerdemain: they estimated that dormant property worth $2,271,000 could, by an expenditure of $3,500,000 be made to produce an earning power of $800,000 a year, "if the current generated could be sold." They then capitalized $800,000 a year at 8%, which figured a potential valuation of $10,000,000 for the property "if the improvements had been made," then deducted the $3,500,000 they did not spend on the improvements, and reached the figure of $6,500,000 on which we, the people, are paying.

—*Consumers Cooperation.*

A Peace Convert

The first American to enlist in the World War was Baynard H. Kendrick, upon whose chest were pinned three medals for conspicuous bravery. In the current issue of *Esquire* magazine Kendrick discusses his experiences and his attitude toward armed conflict. At one point he declares:

There is nothing worse than war. I won't go back. I have seen one war and 20 years have not made me forget. I may be ridiculed, pilloried, jailed, and even shot. I will laugh at them all and gladly die grinning in their faces. I love my country—but I question its right to kill my fellow men. I demand in our leaders another solution—one more just and sane. I demand that steps be taken now to settle amicably existing differences between nations, that every effort be bent toward that end before the world's aflame.

When so realistic a view of war is publicly taken by a man with an outstanding record in the last conflict, it would behoove the war makers to consider what might happen should they seek to plunge this country into another senseless foreign war. There may be more converts to peace than the generals, admirals, and munition men suspect. *The Progressive* (Madison, Wis.)

Books Received

Walter H. Baker Company, Boston.
Village Parson Sketches. By Rev. Robert S. Hall.

Hindustan Times Press, Dehli, India.
Two Servants of God with a foreword by Mahatma Gandhi. By Mahadev Desai.

Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston.
The Life of Paul Revere Frothingham. By Howard Chandler Robbins. Price $2.50.

The Macmillan Company, New York.
God: A Cosmic Philosophy of Religion. By John Elof Boodin.

Meador Publishing Company, Boston.
The Woman Without a Country. By Melbert Cary.

D. B. Taraporevala Sons & Co., Bombay, India.
Intelligent Man's Guide to Indian Philosophy. By Manubhai C. Paydya.

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Published six times a year by

THE HUMANIST PRESS ASSOCIATION, Inc.

330 South Dearborn Street
Chicago, Illinois